



# Black Wings, White Halo



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## Chapter 1 by J. E. Green

### PROLOGUE

At first, Luke Hunter wondered if his fifteen-year-old eyes had been drained of all their color and life. People in his Alaskan village would suffocate him in their pity, claiming that his almond gaze was more dull than their little livestock. He saw the pearly white and graveyard shades of black all of the time, stomach lurching as if it had to escape the ache that prodded his belly from the horrible realization that he could see no rainbow. Then, on a rough day in midwinter, Luke's life had changed forever. He'd planned on dying, standing out in the midst of the blizzard among the only colors he's ever known. He'd planned to stretch his arms like Jesus had to embrace men, feeling as if he could fly against the icy wind and glide into the calmer heavens. However, a fleck of something else landed against his shoulder. It was an unheard object with the wind shrieking into his eardrums. It only went noticed because Luke Hunter had felt a wet tickle along the nape of his neck that provided warmth, as if fresh from the heated palm of a hand. It was then when he wept tears of joy, realizing he COULD see! The brilliantly unified shade of gleaming red shone metallically across the shady object. He caught a whopping grin on the hook of his happiness, holding it up in its rounded crescent shape and letting the torchlight of a neighbor whip it. He decided that he wouldn't die, and turned back inside.

Luke Hunter hadn't even noticed the chill that bit his skin in a painful nip until the wood of his hut concealed him from the angry elements. Even his wood was gray, but he didn't care. He spun into the living room despite himself, flustered with joy and chaste ecstasy. He danced with the red thing in his hands, whirling it around and gazing happily, "I can see this! I can see this!"

The ice that blued his dead skin was no competition for Luke's energy as he skinned and

(probably) hurt himself on something before sitting up and screaming his excitement over the

page of the winds' cries. And who could blame him? He'd never heard him!

The boy ran his slim, frost-bitten fingers over the object, feeling the smooth, warm, and beautiful

color.

What WAS this thing?

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He turned it in his hand. Going once, twice. A thin lump creased up the middle and its black edges were soft to the touch, so soft that running his pointer along its flanks was addicting. A small, dry pebble rasped itself against his throat with a sudden force as his heart skipped a beat. The object's smell wafted into his numb nostrils. It had the musk of rotting copper, if there were ever such a thing. The red crumpled its strands together in unrecognizable lumps of bitter physical liquid.

Blood. Blood and a feather.

Luke opened his door once again, unphased by the sudden cold that he'd faced earlier. He'd lived in Alaska all of his life, after all. However, the odd thing was that the storm had stopped. The low growl of the snow threatening him, pounding against his door like the Big Bad Wolf, had ceased completely. Hopefully, the poor bloodied creature who'd shedded their feathers against him was still alive enough to be helped.

When Luke glanced outside, he rested his fearful eyes across a pile of bodies. Villagers.

Grotesque twists had locked their faces in horror, black hair waving out in just as bloodied whips as the feather he held did. Neighbors, children, elders... They'd all fallen victim to some terrible monster that had collected its gruesome bounty right outside his door.

With a glance up, Luke saw a man in black wings. His sword, clenched in his right fist as if it were dear life itself, spiraled into Luke Hunter's gut. With his colorless eyes, dying on a world that was black, white, and red all over, Luke called out for no recognizable reason, "Fallen Angel..."

## Chapter 2 by Chloe Bort



"fallen angel.." Luke Hunter whispered to no one in particular as he gazed upon the maleficent creature standing in his doorway. was he really seeing this..this THING before his previously blank eyes? He clutched the feather in his right hand feeling the blood ooze between his pale fingertips.

"Who are you demon, and why did you come" the fear and courage dripped from his voice in a hallucinative concoction.

"I could ask the same to you if i weren't here to take your life." the angel stated bluntly, yet luke could still hear a note of venom in his smoky voice.

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all of this made Luke Hunter wish to find more stories like this

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